

GLEAMS

EDWARD DOYLE







GLEAMS

LYRICS And SONNETS

by
EDWARD DOYLE



NEW YORK
WALTER NEALE, *Publisher*
1931



Copyright, 1931, by
EDWARD DOYLE

HV 2335

D

Manufactured in the United States of America



CONTENTS

LYRICS

<i>Columbia</i>	11
<i>The New World</i>	12
<i>Petra</i>	13
<i>The Bartholdi Statue in New York Bay</i>	15
<i>Anthem</i>	16
<i>Freedom's Capital</i>	17
<i>Manhatta</i>	18
<i>The Hudson</i>	19
✓ <i>Bloomingdale</i>	21
✓ <i>Grant's Mausoleum at Riverside</i>	22
✓ <i>The Robin in Early Spring</i>	23
<i>Summer</i>	24
✓ <i>God's Peace Complete</i>	25
<i>The Soul's Song on the Sun</i>	26
<i>Truth</i>	27
<i>The Worlds</i>	28
<i>Evolution</i>	29
✓ <i>Why Poesy Soars</i>	30
<i>The Butterfly</i>	32
<i>The Spider's Airship</i>	33
✓ <i>Snowtime</i>	34
✓ <i>The Altar Fire</i>	35
○ ✓ <i>Manhatta's Skyline</i>	36
<i>The Peacock and the Sun</i>	37
✓ <i>Nightingale in Every Dark</i>	38

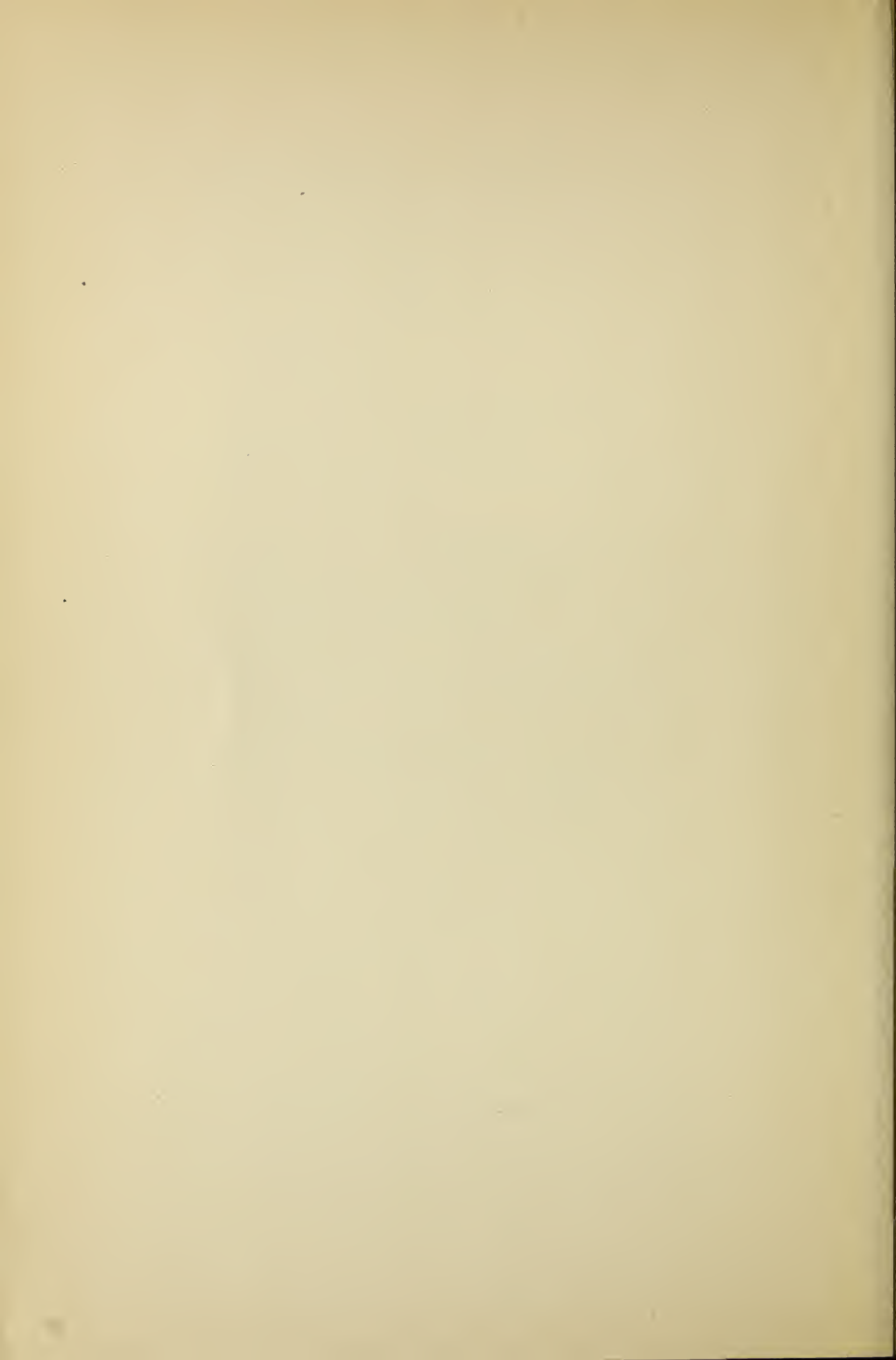
<i>The Lark</i>	39
✓ <i>The Bullfrog and the Lark</i>	40
<i>Dear Earth-circling Moon</i>	41
<i>Love's Ecstasy</i>	42
✓ <i>Love's Ardor</i>	43
<i>Civilization</i>	44
✓ <i>The Aquarium</i>	45
✓ <i>Wonder Eternal</i>	46
✓ <i>Man</i>	48
✓ <i>Fame</i>	49
<i>Whims</i>	50
✓ <i>Manna In Life's Waste</i>	51
<i>Wisdom's Light</i>	52
<i>What Hope Knows</i>	53
<i>Rays</i>	54
✓ <i>The Press</i>	55
— <i>The Child and the Birds</i>	57
✓ <i>Poesy's Worlds</i>	58
<i>Modernity</i>	59
<i>The Bridge of Dreams</i>	60
<i>The Sphinx</i>	61
<i>War</i>	62
<i>Philippino Independence</i>	63
<i>Eaglets of One Nest</i>	64
<i>Erin</i>	65
<i>Palestine</i>	66
<i>Poland, Europe's Phoenix</i>	67
<i>Greenwich Village</i>	68
<i>A Vision</i>	69
<i>Trust in God—His Crown</i>	71

SONNETS

✓ <i>Manhatta's Life-Long Spell</i>	76
<i>Venus</i>	77
<i>Democracy a Fact</i>	78
✓ <i>The Sense of Right</i>	79
<i>New Infinites</i>	80
<i>Adjusting to the Stars</i>	81
<i>The Human Spirit</i>	82
<i>Labor</i>	83
<i>Art</i>	84
<i>The Tiger Tasting Bloom</i>	85
✓ <i>The Sea</i>	86
<i>The Protest of the Birds</i>	87
<i>Why the Soul Endures</i>	88
<i>No Myth</i>	89
✓ <i>The Two Realities</i>	90
<i>From Aeschylus to Dante</i>	91
<i>The Conqueror of Fate</i>	92
<i>Saxon and Celt</i>	93
<i>Mahatma Gandhi</i>	94
✓ <i>Liberty to Liberia</i>	95
<i>A Fourth of July Reverie</i>	96
<i>Nathan Straus</i>	97
<i>Alfred W. McCann</i>	98
<i>Re-inspiration</i>	99
<i>Tolerance</i>	100
<i>Time</i>	101
✓ <i>Sun-Eclipsing Sword</i>	102
<i>The Finer Feelings</i>	103

<i>Art Devotion</i>	104
<i>Why Dwindle Human Spirit?</i>	105
<i>The Birds at Sea</i>	106
✓ <i>The World's Worst Loss</i>	107
<i>Dear Human Nature</i>	108
<i>The World on Fire</i>	109
<i>The Spheres</i>	110
<i>No Unemployed</i>	111
<i>O Thou Atlantic</i>	112
<i>Faith Consummates Love's Coronation</i>	113
<i>The Stowe and Lincoln Pens</i>	114
<i>Mental Glimpse</i>	115
<i>Liberty and Religion</i>	116
<i>Religion</i>	117
<i>A Valedictory</i>	118
<i>The Mystery of Love</i>	119
<i>America's "Will and Can"</i>	120
<i>Plymouth Rock</i>	121
<i>Lincoln's Lightening in Wilson's Hands</i>	122
<i>The Stars</i>	123
<i>Vault Godward, Poet!</i>	124
<i>Nature at Love's Throne</i>	125

LYRICS



C O L U M B I A

In thee, Columbia, great and true,
Meet all ideals, old and new;
Our raptured vision takes to wing,
Updrawing and embosoming
Its groundling, shallow-wading feet,
And mounts where those ideals meet
After dark flight from primal morn,
Where, twins to planets, they were born,
And, planetlike, by God were willed
To be by joyous beings filled.

With Freedom haloing thy head
With all the rays the Sun can shed,
How glows thy heart with love of right!
Thou loomest, like primeval light,
That startled planets, as from sleep,
To azure flight—which still they keep;
For thine ideals are high spheres,
Inhabitable by the years,
Advancing, now, by righting wrong
And hailing the Arts of Peace with song.

THE NEW WORLD

One eve, as I sat thinking,
I saw the old World sinking,
 And what seemed Etna's whirling clouds on high,
Were flocks in frantic flight,
Without a perch in sight,
 And having wings with deathless urge to fly.

How for the East they yearned!—
But, when half way, they turned,
 Meeting the Sun, whom then they followed West;
For they by instinct knew
That the Sun is always true
 In guiding to the regions of the Blest.

Ah, soon my heart and mind
Saw Western azure, lined
 With summits, rising white from Time's dark deep!
And there the birds of song
That followed the Sun along,
 Had perches, nests, and flocks on every steep.

Ah, how set down in words
The species of these birds!—
 Except that they are truth and freedom's brood,
And birds of every race,
That draw in heavenly grace,
 To pour it out in songs, for human good.

P E T R A

In Petra, sculptured out of rock,
Ashine with all Aurora's dyes,
Time turned the key in every lock,
And then lay down and shut his eyes.
O long his sleep, and so profound,
No thunder, echoing human hates,
Reached him, but fell a barren sound
In desert dust, outside his gates.

There, deep beneath a pyramid,
According to tradition's version,
The Seer, inspired by God, had hid
The sacred chest from Mede and Persian,
Not dreaming Time would drowse and nod,
When left to guard Lord God's behest,
Engraved on stone, and Aaron's rod
With power for dazzling wonders blest.

When Time, the ward, fell fast asleep
Oblivious of his sacred charge,
God raised it, and to Freedom's keep
Assigned it for the World at large.
It flashed off like an aerolite,
And, where it stopped, new Petra rose,
Whereat Time woke and, rapt, caught sight
Of it, with eyes no more to close.

Ah, though the billows interposed
With Dread's wild arms, Time crossed the deep,
After the covenant, enclosed,
With Aaron's rod, in Freedom's keep,

For placement in the human soul ;
Where, high aloof from fiendish rage,
One lights the World with truth shown whole,
The other streams each droughted age.

Ah, truly, What is Aaron's rod
Which opened wide drear Winter's rock
And let forth Spring, but faith in God?
And now as potent to unlock
All rock, as then, and set aflow
A fountain such as that, whose spray
Is stars and planets. There I go,
Having soul thirsts, I must allay.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE IN NEW YORK BAY

(The gift of France to America)

The rapt, immortal soul of France
Lights not alone this Bay's expanse,
But our hearts surge without a shore
That has been heightening since of yore
That soul, with love of right for blaze,
Burst sunlike through Atlantic's haze
And looming icebergs, bringing morn
To all mankind, wherever born.

O rapt immortal soul of France!
'Tis sight awake and not in trance
That witnesses thy glow extend
Beyond this Bay and, without end,
Illume Love's surge with inspiration,
That Freedom's god may make our Nation
Forever His abiding place,
And thus beheaven the Human Race.

AN THE M

Up and onward! For our marches,
Stars become triumphal arches;
And, beyond them, comes the Sun,
Glory!—which is God's Will done,—
And, beyond them, comes the Sun—
Glory!—which is God's Will done!

Up and onward! Let our Nation
Ever be our consecration
To raise Earth, with Freedom's Peace,
High and firm, o'er all dark seas,—
To raise Earth, with Freedom's Peace,
High and firm, o'er all dark seas!

Up and onward! Let our soaring,
Like the Sun's, be heat, down-pouring,
Till ideals every germ,
Flowers the Earth, which Peace makes firm,—
Till ideals every germ,
Flowers the Earth, which Peace makes firm!

Up and onward! For our marches,
Stars become triumphal arches;
And, beyond them, comes the Sun,
Glory!—which is God's Will done,—
And, beyond them, comes the Sun,
Glory!—which is God's Will done.

FREEDOM'S CAPITAL

Hail, City, radiant with Art,
Expressing Freedom's mind and heart!
Oh, how to Judgment's Second Sight,
Fata Morgana, marching Right,
Here shines aloft with human gain!
Old Glory shouts: "It shall not wane,
"But be refracted everywhere;
"For, 'tis God's 'Yes' to human prayer!"

Oh, here, how hosts of aims sublime
Become achievements! Well may Time
Draw up his cohorts to salute
The Lincolns, who, on horse and foot,
Both winged, doom Wrong. Ah, 'tis a vision
Of changeful growth, with each transition
The more sublime, to hold Time's legions,
Drawn up in awe, in all Earth's regions!

M A N H A T T A

Ah, no, Manhatta does not wait
To let the sun show what is great!
Her heart and mind receive from far
A message flashed by every star;
And she broadcasts sublime replies
Before the sun has time to rise.

Ah, how Manhatta's heart and soul
Broadcast to sight, from pole to pole,
The fact that earth is of the sky,
As truly as the orbs on high,
And shines as brightly where its creed
Beams help to every human need!

Mother of Glories, were the sun
To try to lift thy service, done,
His broad arms would be full, and still
Lack myriad triumphs of thy skill
For man's advance, performed between
The dusk and dawn, and hence unseen!

Ah, there is not a human hope
But for its crowning thou doest cope
With darkening distance, which, though erst
A monster, furious with blood-thirst,
Drops dead, struck by thy lighting glance,
As on thou speedest man's advance!

THE HUDSON

O Soul of Honor, on thy way
From where the hills, like Dawn, rise gray,
What sirens sing from cove to cove;
"Here is thy Bay!—Why farther rove?"
Here is thy Bay!—Why farther rove?

The Spirits of the coves are they;
And, jealous of the Queen, thy Bay,
They glow with passion to beguile
And hold thee in their arms awhile,—
And hold thee in their arms awhile.

Here—there—how they appeal, for leagues;
Till, circumventing their intrigues,
Thou turnest them, with wave for wand,
Into a fairy, festive band!—
Into a fairy, festive band!

The Palisades that browse and graze
Are startled, and, with wonder's gaze,
Strain after thee; till lo! thou art
Enclosed in thy betrothed's fond heart!—
Enclosed in thy betrothed's fond heart!

Ah, how Manhatta, on tiptoe
Of dome and roof, is eyes aglow
Toward thee as thou dost crown thy queen
Upon her throne of life serene!—
Upon her throne of life serene!

O woman more than queen! She smiles,
Because her faith knows that no wiles
Can lure the love, which gives its all
To her, despite the siren's call!—
To her, despite the siren's call!

BLOOMINGDALE

How thy fragrance! Bloomingdale
Was so rich, the Hudson's gale
Backward reeled, or fell asleep,
Ere up half thy wooded steep!
And the warblers! Oh, how they,
Music's fairy founts, would play,
Even long past the sunset's glow,
In thy groves of long ago!

Bloomingdale, though thou lie sunk,
And no more set breezes drunk
With thy fragrance and bird song,
Fountained forth the whole day long,
How thy string of love and home
Shines such pearls beneath the foam
Tiding high, that now the town
Dives for them, to form her crown.

Still, though fathoms down, thou risest,
Murmuring that thou sacrificest
All thou art, without a wince,
For the tidal wave has since
Grown a sea of glory rare,
And, a mermaid, thou art there,
Veiled with tresses, all aflow
With the gold of long ago.

GRANT'S MAUSOLEUM AT RIVERSIDE

Hark! 'tis the years with muffled drum!
With shine of heart and soul they come
Here, where the Hudson, like renown,
Grandens with pacing up and down.
Ah, here they see no mouldering tomb,
But Freedom, bursting from all gloom
And lifting up our land, where shine
The Stars,—out-posts of love divine.

Ah, yea! a host with muffled drum,
Unendingly the ages come,
With passion, deadened to the beat
For steps of reverential feet!
For here doom's massing clouds,—collecting
To gulf the Stars, out-posts directing
To inmost heaven,—catch God's throne-glow
Of Joy above and Peace below.

THE ROBIN IN EARLY SPRING

How thy heart by rapture blest
Blooms a rose out on thy breast,
As thou circlest green-robed Spring,
Setting her awondering!
For, as yet, her bush and vine
But with dewlike buddings shine.

Why, the rapture, manifest
By thy heart out on thy breast,
Rose, astonishing the Spring!
Ah, that thou hast life to sing,
And with love, raise hymns of praise,
Echoed up through space's blaze!

Faith, which is the heart of man,
Where he leads in glory's van,
Blooms out on his breast a rose
Such as thine, and also glows,
While as yet the bush and vine
But with dewlike buddings shine.

S U M M E R

Flowers are Summer's maids of honor,
Whispering sent, awaiting on her.
Look! they lift her queenly train,
Following her, on hill and plain,
From blue Heaven, her place of birth,
Back to Heaven, then from the Earth.

O blythe Summer, faintly seen,
She is Nature's smiling Queen,
But to closer spirit view,
Is the gleaner of the True,
Sent by God for the fruits of Grace,
Sown in every human race.

G O D ' S P E A C E C O M P L E T E

In dark eternal loneliness
 Might God be in his realms above,
Were not His Spirit one to bless ;
 And how bless more than breathing love
Into the spaces, far and dim,
 That stars dispensing light and heat,
And souls, becoming seraphim,
 With joy, may make His peace complete?

THE SOUL'S SONG ON THE SUN

With thought and feeling for swift wings,
The Soul leaves waters, roughed by fears,
And, perching on the Sun, it sings :

“On, on, O Sun, lead thou all spheres,
“That, answering God’s behest, ‘Be Light,’
“Crush myriad-fanged, up-rearing Night !”

Ah, being Soul, how help but sing
On rising from the waters rough,
And seeing them, Night’s fangs and wings
Astretch in hollows, lifeless slough,
Without a wriggle or grim glare,
Except in death throes, anywhere?

Where could the Soul find fitter perch
Than on the Sun, to chant its joy
That love, known both by heart and search,
Is not the Maker to destroy
What all eternity before,
He willed, for glory evermore?

TRUTH

Our consciousness is broader than our view
From highest summit, or the sea-splashed cape ;
For it discerns the everlasting True,—

That all sublimities take Love's rapt shape,
Which greatens in approaching God's high throne,
Where, awed, it gasps, and then drops humbly prone.

Ah, while rapt Truth, all luminous with love,
Lies prone in worship at the Throne of Grace,
How earthward, in that posture, shines her face
With every good, the warming beams whereof,
Faith, Hope, grow planets, never to dissolve,
But to shed peace, and 'round the World revolve.

The Sun, Moon, Jupiter, Uranus, Mars,—
Venus and Mercury of nether space,—
Are dewdrops on Dawn's bud ; beneath these Stars,
Faith, Hope, whose influence on Man is grace,
Ubiquitously marshalling the ages,
For Heaven's Grand Entry, glimpsed by Saints and
Sages.

THE WORLDS

Ah ! what are the Worlds ? From under
There uprolls the dreadful thunder
That they are effete Creation,
Now in bubbling fermentation.

Soon a voice comes from above,
"Sound of Dread, blaspheme not Love !
"Think that God gives Reason, vision,
"Just to watch decomposition?"

EVOLUTION

Evolution! In thy rising,
Glorious beyond surmising,
Thou evolvest music-hearted,
By thy praise of powers imparted.

Aye, for all thy broadening blaze
Is from Love's potential rays,
Set aw whirl in germs, when started,
And with such, thou, too, wert hearted.

Ah, though long thy heart was stillness,
Now thy nascent has fulfillment
In thy chant to God, while rising
Glorious beyond surmising!

WHY POESY SOARS

The Sophist, vain, with hair and beard
Snow-white and long, one day appeared
Before throned Reason, with complaint
Of Poesy, for unrestraint
In ventures to the dark unknown.
"Why should her flight transcend Earth's cone,"
He argued, "and, turn then to mock
"My Wisdom's long and whitened shock?"

What wonder that calm Reason smiled,—
For Poesy is Truth's wingèd child,
Born of the Holy Spirit, clearing
Her heart and brain of doubt and fearing,—
And, that replying, she should say:
"There is no power to stop and stay
"Her flight of child-love, to her Sire,
"Whose trait she has for high and higher."

Ah, see the Stars, green, white and red!
By whom could they have e'er been shed
But by the Holy Spirit soaring?—
The Spirit, verily, that, lowering
To Earth, breathes forth wingèd Poesy,
To follow ceaseless where can be
No dark about, below, above,
But holds daybreak of wondrous Love.

What, truly, after all, is Time,
But Poesy in flights sublime
From dark to dawn? Ah, whether she,
Religion, Art or Science be,—

For she is, by divine election,
Each one of these, in its perfection,—
She finds daybreaks where'er her flight,
And though on each she may alight,
She follows soon, with rapt adoring,
The Holy Spirit, and keeps soaring.

THE BUTTERFLY

The distance save by Revelation,
Twixt Finite Mind and Wisdom's why,
Transforms the Sun, imagination,
Into a wasp or butterfly.

If wasp, it stings the soul with doubt;
If butterfly, its beauteous wings
Give joy to chasers, in and out
The mystery of senses' things.

Imagination! Not by turn
From Sun to moth dost thou grow base,
For, ah! in thee, then, we discern
Man's worm-shed nature, winged by Grace.

Nay, see in thee, all natures shed
Their worm enclosures and ascend,
Having evolved for pinions spread,
Their innate hues in perfect blend.

THE SPIDER'S AIRSHIP

When out at a distance wider
Than his bridges to the shore,
How the cunning little spider
Wastes no moment to deplore,
But contrives a Lindbergh craft
With his web. He does not doubt
That a breeze will come and waft
Him to shore, howe'er far out;
So he, in his craft, sets sail,
Sure to land soon, whole and hale.

Ah! if in the spider's plight,
Why should we a moment grieve,
Having faith and hope for flight?
For, when heart and soul we weave
Into Effort's rescue boat,
Soon the breeze, which lifts Eve's star
To the Dawn, wafts us remote
From Doubt's dusk, until we are
At the zenith, where release
Of our will to God's, brings Peace.

S N O W T I M E

Ah, how glorious the snowtime!
It is Rapture's start-and-go time;
And what speeding is more thrilling
Than the bob-sled's, without spilling
Any of its dozen, clinging,
Heart and arm close, and all singing:
"Hip-hooray! Oh, hip-hooray!
"Here Love comes! so clear the way!"

Ah, the rapture of first lovetime!—
Which need not be muff-and-glove time;
For there comes a heavenly heating
All life long, from young hearts' meeting,
First at coastings, of such speeding,
That the whole world seems receding,
In response to "Hip-hooray!
"Here comes Love, so clear the way!"

THE ALTAR FIRE

Aught else than love, if altar flame
Forms smoke from floor to roof, so dense
That frantic hopes each other maim,
In haste to reach the exits, thence.
The sight of stifled hopes in aisle,
Down to the door from chancel rail,
Is such that Angels, who erewhile
Functioned with organ keys, grow pale
And vanish up to God with prayer,
That grace breathe off the charnel there.

Love is pure flame that burns all things
To altar incense. It consumes
All knotty faggots, questionings,
And, through Life's temple pane, illumines
The World without. This altar fire
Can change a log or stucco shack
To Life's cathedral, with a spire
So dazzling that the Sun seems black;
For it reflects Christ, in ascension,
To thronement from His tomb detention.

MANHATTA'S SKYLINE

When, sailing up the bay at eve, I sight
Manhatta loom and take the heavens with light,
I share the moon's and hastening stars' amaze
At Glory, ever heightening its blaze.

Lo! Life, long on the ocean's camel back,
Now mounts a monoplane. No fog, though black,
Can hold it from Manhatta's high sky-line,
Whence it draws help to needs where e'er these pine.

Great as the feats for man, that thou hast done,
Still, Life,—bold Lindbergh and bold Byrd merged
one,—
Far grander boons in Grace's boundless space,
Await thy bearing to the Human Race.

Manhatta's Skyline?—'tis not sordid marts,
But rather temple domes of all the arts
For hope for man; and, therefore, every nation
Sends her its delegates for inspiration.

Manhatta's Skyline is her brain and wealth
For norming man with heart and spirit health,
And then immunizing him from time's disease.
Manhatta is the Hague for true World-Peace.

THE PEACOCK AND THE SUN

Once an insectivorous mind,—
Outcast from the starry kind
That on azure spaces feeds,—
Fell asleep mid desert weeds
And, before long, it was swallowed
By the peacock that had followed.

Oh, a super-blood rushed thrilling
Through peacock's veins, a-quilling
Him with feathers of such dyes
That he scorned the morning's skies,
Doubting not, his plumage spread,
Covered Earth with every tread.

The peacock was a sorry sight,
Paired with the Sun, an anchorite
On Morning's top, the rapt conveyor
Of every plant's pure-hearted prayer,
That it may bloom, and give its all,
Lest dearth with famine should befall.

The peacock that inverts his gaze
Sees in himself what's worth world-praise;
So, whether sect, or class, or cult,
One saddens, seeing it exult
The more, the less it has of worth,
To match the Sun in gladdening Earth.

NIGHTINGALE IN EVERY DARK

There's no dark in thought or thing
But therein a nightingale
May be heard a-caroling
Higher notes than music's scale,—
Notes, like Spring's in Winter's grasp,
All like Dawn's heart-beat and gasp,—
Mate-chirps mounting Nature's hush
To Aurora from night's crush.

What though darkness overturn
All the mountains into vales?—
Hopes unscathed remain to yearn;
Aye, they are the nightingales
That in groves of every dark
Echo from afar the lark,
Even as deepest wells, Life's tears,
Mirror Heaven's transcendent spheres.

THE LARK

List! 'Tis wild imagining
Fancying itself a lark:
"Wake, O Man! The truth I sing,—
"Fact, the empyrean arc,—
"Echoes Fate, which is Creator
"For all World's extinction, later."

To this warbler, all existence
Is a sun in obscuraton,
Due to moons from nether distance.
Oh, small cause for exultation!—
For these moons, without a ray,
Raise the tides of Earth's decay.

How those moons move toward the disc
Of the Sun, grown densest black!
Soon a breeze, abrupt and brisk,
Sweeps them from the Zodiac
Back to chaos. How but fail,
When 'tis Light that shall prevail?

Look! Here Morn with joy and wonder,
Comes to Earth, rare music leading.
Oh, "Behold!" 'tis not from under,
But above and anteceding
All creation, comes the lark
To whose song fair Morn can hark.

THE BULLFROG AND THE LARK

From out a shattered rock, a bullfrog crept
Off to a stagnant greenish, crusted pond.
Within the rock he had for ages slept,
Dreaming Life's last,—a pool with no beyond.

Now, while the bullfrog slept within the rock
The lark fledged both his breast and wings with
morns,
And, soaring, led the age's motley flock
Of aspirations where there were no bournes.

Oh, when between the dusk, collecting fog,
And ripening into crimson of the dark,
Which shall we,—poise to listen to the frog?—
Or fly off to the music of the lark?

DEAR EARTH-CIRCLING
MOON

Ah, at twilight art thou pale,
Dear earth-circling Moon, through fear
That thy glory's source will fail,
And that thou shalt then appear
In the Heavens a spectral vision
For all other spheres' derision?

Foolish fear! 'Tis lovers' dreams
Flush thee full from crescent size,
Or half-dark. They are the beams
Causing Joy's ebb-tide to rise
And form inland streams or bays
Where e're Youth meets Beauty's gaze.

Ah, of heavenly spheres, not one
Has such glory! On its course
It leaves dim the radiant Sun;
And it has eternal source,—
In the ardent heart of Youth,
Plighting Beauty,—life-long truth.

LOVE'S ECSTASY

Oh, my love is like a bee,
Faint of hum, within a rose!
An inebriate is he,
Heeding not that petals close,
And, with scent so overcome,
Drowse and dream behush his hum.

Oh, my love is like a bee,
Overcome with scent, but not
Just one bud's; for, pinion-free,
Into Eden it has got,
Roaming 'round, where Heaven o'er flows,
Odoring flowers that never close.

Oh, my love is ecstasy,
Raised by fragrance, breezing strong
From all bloom. Oh, 'tis more than bee,
For its hum becomes lark-song,
At both Morn's and Time's new start,
In its Eden—thy true heart.

LOVE'S ARDOR

If, to love, Dear, is to share
With your heart my heart's whole treasure,
And, with joy, all perils dare
For your least-mere moment's pleasure,
Then no love could be more true,
Darling, than is mine for you.

From the bridge, Dear, high above
Where Niagara's torrents pour,
You have but to toss your glove,
And my plunge and reach to shore,
With the prize, will prove how true,
Darling, is my love for you.

Not for fame, nor gold, nor power,
Dear, would I attempt that feat,
But for you—Ah, every hour
It were rapture to repeat,
Proving soul-survival true,—
By such love as mine for you.

CIVILIZATION

Is Humanity,—tattooed
On the arms and breast and back
With red battles, shaded black,—
Not still savage? Aye,—as viewed
From the chariot seat on high,
Of true Glory, hastening by.

What!—The human, whom God smiled
Into being for perfection,
Just to roam, without reflection,
And high aim, and still stay wild?
No!—For Glory's chariot, turning
Sense to soul, takes up man's yearning.

THE AQUARIUM

Here one sees the depths of ocean,
With finned life in graceful motion.
Look! What beauties dip and rise,
Like bloom-seeking butterflies!
Nay, in them may Fancy trace
Semblance to the spheres, in chase
Of each other, in the play
Wherein one must touch with ray.

Oh, how here, to musing's eyes,
God's fond smile flares down the skies
And is gold and silver shoaled
To the ocean's utmost hold!
And its shine is not by pain
Chased and ghoulded, like Strata's drain,
Crusting Earth where souls beneath
Rarely find a gap to breathe.

Is the ocean not like sleep,
Lit by dreams? For, where 'tis deep,
Beauteous forms, like ours in dreaming,
Everywhere are shoals a-gleaming.
Ah, no wonder, ceaseless come
Throngs to the Aquarium;
For, therein, they are nymph-free
Midst the glories of the sea.

W O N D E R E T E R N A L

What is wonder but the soul
Startled by God's smile most fond,
Speeding to His will beyond,
Where creation will bloom whole,
Rich with Wisdom's every plant,
Whether it blossom in an hour,
Or take myriad years to flower,
And where, then, Joy's host will chant:
"Lo! The wafts from cosmos' bloom
"Form a new Elysium."

Ah, God's smile that takes all space
In its travel to His will,
Is the beauty, which we fill
With our love. Ah! What more base
Than to leave rare beauty hollow
By indifference or scorn!
Thereby, we, though giants born,
Dwarf ourselves to ants and follow
Autumn with voracious greed,
Gleaning roots and rotted weed.

Look! how ant-men swarm the ground,
And how they, white, brown, and black,
Off are swept from Autumn's track,
To oblivion's depths, and drowned!
O Oblivion! it makes Wonder
Shudder and become stark cold.
Having life that she would hold,
Is she, too, to be swept under?
No! for God's love would create
Wonder's soul for no such fate.

Wonder draws immortal breath
From high Heaven's breeze in all things.
Ha! she laughs at rearing death—
Rattle-cloud with lightning stings!
She sees earth as nebulae,
Whence, as spheres, the summers rise,
Habited by hearts, for aye,
And, that to illume the skies
With terrestrial joy, the Earth
Was conceived, and blest with birth.

Ah, when Wonder, gazing round,
Sees the Summer's shining spheres,
Up in Heaven, from doubts and fears,
Asks she—"Whither are they bound?"
No! She knows that they ascend,
And knows, too, that she was born
For such visions without end
When Time drops with wings out-worn;
Aye, for Wonder is eternal
Whether earthly or supernal!

What is wonder but the soul
Startled by God's smile most fond,
Speeding to His will beyond,
Where creation will bloom whole,
Rich with Wisdom's every plant,
Whether it blossom in an hour,
Or take myriad years to flower,
And where, then, Joy's host will chant:
"Lo! The wafts from cosmos' bloom
"Form a new Elysium."

M A N

Look well at man, who, at the start,
Is like a flower, a growth from clay,
Then has for soul and brain and heart
The stars that go their heavenly way.
Their orbit is, the love for right
Enclosing things, both large and small,
Which forms the nest where brooding Night
Who sits not on what will appal,
Dreams with her head beneath her wing,
Knowing what life her warmth will bring.

The stars are true, which means that they
Lead up to Nature's noblest height,
Where on man stands, and there to stay
Till Night's hatched brood are fledged for flight;
And, with the cosmos' consciousness,
Drawn to a focus, in his smile
He will look up and thus address
Almighty Love: "Though long the while,
"Still will my hope have rapt recourse
"To Thee, who art all beings' source."

F A M E

Fame is a wrinkled dim-eyed crone,
Deaf from harsh sounds which she has blown ;
So that, if now she lifts her horn,
'Tis to her ear whose drum is scorn.

And yet, when genius comes and clears
Her eyes of mist and keens his ears
With visions musical with truth,
She blares her horn, recov'ring youth.

Nay, merging with the World's group-soul,
Fame answers Judgment's muster-roll,
And, like each star of Heaven's vast throng,
She brings a host of joy along.

W H I M S

Faith is Reason, winged to soar
Through the Heavens from star to star,
Up from whims that, crazed, abhor
Whatsoe'er the senses bar.

How these whims, the weirdest witches,
Fix on Faith the evil eye,
And burn candles, then, in ditches,
To consume his life on high.

Soon, wind-blown, the candle-blaze
Catches the witches' wretched rags ;
Anon they shriek, and, with bulgèd gaze,
Die the death of all such hags.

MANNA IN LIFE'S WASTE

Who shall say that May wastes showers?—

There are buds with feverish lips!—

Or say that the Spring wastes flowers?

There are bees for honey sips.

What a World 'twould be, if May

Were a recluse in the cloud

And the Spring, now hearted gay,

Were shut-eyed within a shroud!

As the buds have feverish thirst

For the mother-milk of May,

And the bees would all be first

To the rose's red array,

So do hearts and souls make haste

For the nurture that they need,—

Music, manna in Life's waste,

Dropped from Heaven through string and reed.

WISDOM'S LIGHT

Wisdom sends the flash before
Chaos raises mist or roar,
And, within it, all the skies
Are Perfection's beauteous rise;
Therefore, if from chaos, vast,
Mounts a mist or noise to mar
Harmony, it fails afar,
Though for aeons it should last,
And with darkening crash should grate.
Why? Because 'tis aeons late.

WHAT HOPE KNOWS

Ah, that Hate should still be found
Gathering sulphur underground,
 To erupt and burn Earth black!
Hope is frantic. See! she flies,
Shielding, with both hands, her eyes
 From the wrecks that form Time's track.

Up she soars with cry: Dear Lord!
Take from Earth the sulphur, stored
 At all depths. Man has the will
To affect this human need,
But he dreams his word is deed
 So that his World work is nil.

Look! Hope's form and features glow!
It is given to her to know
That, instead of sulphur fume,
Stifling life, shall be Earth's bloom,
With each Age, a satellite
Round God's central Sun—The Right.

RAY S

From the Sun to Earth, a ray
Takes more years than count can say.
O what millions of a kind
Yet unknown to human mind
May be hithering to seed,
Yet undreamed by finite creed!

If these rays take countless years
From the Sun to Earth, why fears?
How think Faith and Hope are rays
From an orb, now lost in haze,
Or that, shattered long ago,
Lacks now even a worm aglow?

O be sure each ray is meant
For some germ of bloom and scent!
And as light must needs prevail,—
Being Love,—no ray shall fail,
But help all illumined space,
Fitly to reflect God's face!

THE PRESS

Why liken world-life to the sea
Where only Nature's freaks may be
And then, on submarining crews,
Bring up the worst, as truly "News?"

I know, of course, along the shore
The morons, with more than ocean-roar,
And with more fathoms than the sea,
Yawn to re-gulf freak forms set free.

The morons who so densely throng
The sunk shore, where they live along
From hand to mouth and not to mind,
Are outlings from true human kind.

World-life is not sea-level, most;
'Tis mountains more than marshy coast,
And there "Press-Light," we soon perceive,
Is first to reach, and last to leave.

Nay, 'tis a Sun that never sinks!
It speeds so fast between our winks
Beneath the Earth from West to East,
The peaks remain at grandeur's feast.

Ah, it so roseately beams
On human summits, noble schemes,
That even the morons on the coast
Soon join the mountain-climbing host.

World-life is ceaseless summit-rise
From where the old Atlanta lies,
And out-grotesques in its decaying
The freak-forms on each other preying.

Ah, 'tis the summits of the true
And beautiful,—the only New,
Which is the heart and soul's ideal
In transformation to the Real.

O Press, but for thy power to brighten
And melt the clouds, what peaks might heighten,
Yet be of those no man has clomb,
And—not as now—the Ages' home!

THE CHILD AND THE BIRDS

Gleeful-eyed, she greets the birds,
Sure that they make out her words.
Oh, they have no fonder friend
Than Lucile, who loves to spend
Morn and eve on Joy's speedway,
Calling them to come and play.

How the warblers fix their eyes
On Lucile, as in surprise
That she does not soar and sing!
For, it seems, they glimpse the wing
For high flight from fears and cares,
In an innocence like theirs.

POESY'S WORLDS

Poesy's Worlds are for all races,
And, with beauty, they shine far ;
Hence, for them, God planned the spaces,—
As for Sun and Moon and Star.
Yea, her glories take their places
In Creation's march sublime,
Opening Heaven for breeze-like graces,
To refresh souls on through Time.

MODERNITY

Modernity, we well may boast,
If 'tis the heart and mind advance
From Earth to Star, to hold that post
With praise for their deliverance
From huge abnormal hideous things,—
Pre-judgments,—Ignorance's spawn,—
That, reptiles, soar with hate-grown wings,
And coil around the neck of Dawn.

THE BRIDGE OF DREAMS

Ah, how dreams bridge life afar!
See! they cross the canyon, night,
Where the tide of moon and star,
Deep below, bears off from sight,
All we loathe, or what would mar
Either the heart or soul's delight!

Look! the bridge sways to and fro
As thereon the millions throng,
Up from where the whirlwinds blow!
What! are all to plunge headlong
Down the canyon? If that were so,
Love were Hate and Right were wrong.

Ah! the bridge of dreams is swung
Out from Heaven to Earth, by Love,
That thereon the old and young,
Hearkening, may hear above,
Choir on choir, and see, wide flung,
Heaven, and each recess thereof.

THE SPHINX

Ah! what but thought turned into stone
Is Egypt's Sphinx, now low and lone
At desert depths!—the grieving thought
That humankind has not been brought
To know,—that there can be no yield
But horror from the battlefield.

Into the Sphinx's heart I peep
And find the secret she would keep
For contemplation all her own,—
Is what War has for ages blown
With trumpet, deafening the ear,
And therefore echoed by false cheer.

No wonder that for countless years
The Sphinx, who fixed her eyes and ears
On sights and sounds of human strife,
Should have been speechless, seeing life
In heart and mind and soul destroyed,
And Nature chaosed back,—a void.

W A R

Oh, war is fury's spur and lash,
Astride grim death! Its crimson splash
Drenches the Sun, Moon, and all spheres.
It tramples down a thousand years
With every tread, on human right,
Along its course to Horror's height.

The spur and lash are greed for gold,
Their craft for power, to seize and hold
Another's region, whose welfare
Is their farewell to hope, though there
The heart and spirit hungers, which,
Are starved, live on in swamp and ditch.

What! back to Heaven has flown Christ's grace?
Oh, whence, else, help to check War's pace
That tramples down a thousand years
With every tread! Look! how War rears!
Oh, see it there on horror's steep,
With lash and spur, its height to keep!

Behold! 'Tis man's archangel grace
Returning to the human race.
Lo! touching Faith, he makes of her
The World's Joan d'Arc,—Deliverer
Of Ages, unto Freedom's keep,
Transfixing War on Horror's steep.

PHILIPPINO INDEPENDENCE

America, shalt thou unlearn
Thy mother-tongue and use, instead,
The empire's thunder which we spurn,—
A language dying, if not dead?

Thy mother-tongue is Liberty
And what! Despise it for another?
Go, speak it clear across the sea,
Now, to our Philippino Brother.

We are no empire which, to thrive,
Invades with trade, or subterfuge,
And, burying native tribes alive,
Stands on death-heaps, a monster huge.

O Philippino hither peering,
The eagle, haloing Freedom's height,
Shall turn no vulture, for that were queering
Our glory, which is spread of Right.

EAGLETS OF ONE NEST

O Republics of the West,
Ye are eaglets of one nest,
Soar aloft, and in your flight,
Circling either Andes' height
Or Sierra's, toward the Sun,
Ever be man's longings won!

O Republics of the West,
Soaring for the true and best,
What a beatific sight,
When, One Soul, your sunward flight
Is reflected by broad seas,
Fathomed by the azure's peace!

ERIN

Erin, lone Atlanta isle,
Sunk in seas of hopeless tears,
Centuries long, now reappears,
Meeting Dawn with Freedom's smile
And with Ocean's under-moan,
Turned to Joy's sky-reaching tone.

Down Atlanta's darkest deep,
Groped the Spring to germ and root;
For, spake God: "Go there and keep
"Soul alive, though with sharp fruit."
So, on fare most bitter, thrived
Erin's soul, and doom survived.

Look! how Time's Atlantic, raging
O'er Atlanta, in the mire,
Halts! 'Tis awed, for by Right's staging,
Erin lifts a globe of fire,—
Inspiration's quenchless torch,
Pharoslike, at Glory's porch.

PALESTINE

Ah, how mirages have been morrowing
Thy trend of hope for ages, Israel,
Only to leave thy spirit sorrowing
In desert, further from shade tree and well!
Thy hope's trend was a circle; for anon,
Ever was Egypt near, or Babylon.

O Israel, no more the cloud by day
And Fury's flame along the sky by night,
Determine where thou art to dwell and pray;
For God has changed both cloud and fire to light,
And thou art in no desert now, but home,
Where shall avail thy prayer,—“Messiah, come!”

POLAND, EUROPE'S PHOENIX

Ah, has the Sun, ascending, e'er beholden
A bird more beauteous than the one whose rise,
From ashes into pinions, red and golden
With Freedom, now Auroras Europe's skies?
The bird that, when the Moslem-worried West
Was a lark-brood of fledglings in the grass,
Arose and, darting, sheltered every nest
And dashed back Islam's hawks at every pass.

O Poland, Europe's Phoenix, though consigned
With thy rich plumage to partition's flame,
Not of the ashes, were thy heart and mind.
These formed thy soul, which let not go its claim
To the High Heavens, by grant of God for flight
To rouse lark-broods from grass to sing on high;
For, up it soared till time to re-align
And rise, replumaged, newing Europe's sky.

America, whose sea-crossed aid affected
Thy red and golden rise from out the dust,
Rejoices, for she knows that, resurrected
For glory, thou wilt true be to thy trust
And, hence, forever, be her Eagle's mate,
Reaching the altitude where heavenly sight
Sees every human right divinely great
And, therefore, to be borne from height to height.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Greenwich Village, walled around,
Has a hundred gates, and these
Ope to all who have for keys
Love for Beauty. Ah, the ground
There enclosed is Patmos Isle,
Drifted to Manhatta's heart;
For there, future-sighted Art,
Catching God's remotest smile,
Draws it close to keep hearts warm
And immune the soul to storm.

At each gate the thousands enter,
Music zephyring the way
To the fountain, rising Day,
Spraying all-hued in the center.
Everywhere rise luminous fingers
That unravel Beauty's maze
Into threadlike paths for praise,
Where the heart or spirit lingers,
Free and high from Earth's annoys,
Like a lark at highest poise.

Ah, a presence here is known,
More than human! 'Tis the soul
Gathering pure and bringing whole,
Back to Beauty, Beauty's own!
Ah, look close, 'tis Art appealing
With raised arms that, never earthy
But inspiring and God-worthy,
Be the truth of her revealing,
And that never gold nor wile
Shall profane this Patmos Isle.

A VISION

Having barned the bulging yield
Of Earth's depths and every field,
Scorn of Right has open house,
Where Loose Laws come to carouse;
And their orgies oft surpass
Bacchus rites in vileness crass.

At these orgies, they annul
Moral sense, and from Right's skull
Drink, and ah! what most amazes,
Is Convention, as it gazes
Down from niches here and there,
Lip-locked, or with stony stare.

From the wild uproarious feast
Sounds reach Want, become a beast,
That, the while, eyes, wrong with glare
From afar, where 'tis so bare
That the locust and the cricket
Fail to find a tree or thicket.

Ah, Want's eye has all the glare
Of a lightning bolt, as there,
Furiate with ceaseless sting,
It doth crouch to make a spring
At the orgies through the wall
And, with crash, rend one and all.

Ah, no sight stuns heart and mind
Half so sad as humankind
Changed to furious beast by wrong!

Why, it shocks the stars from song!
But, regaining breath, these sing,
Seeing Graces earthwarding.

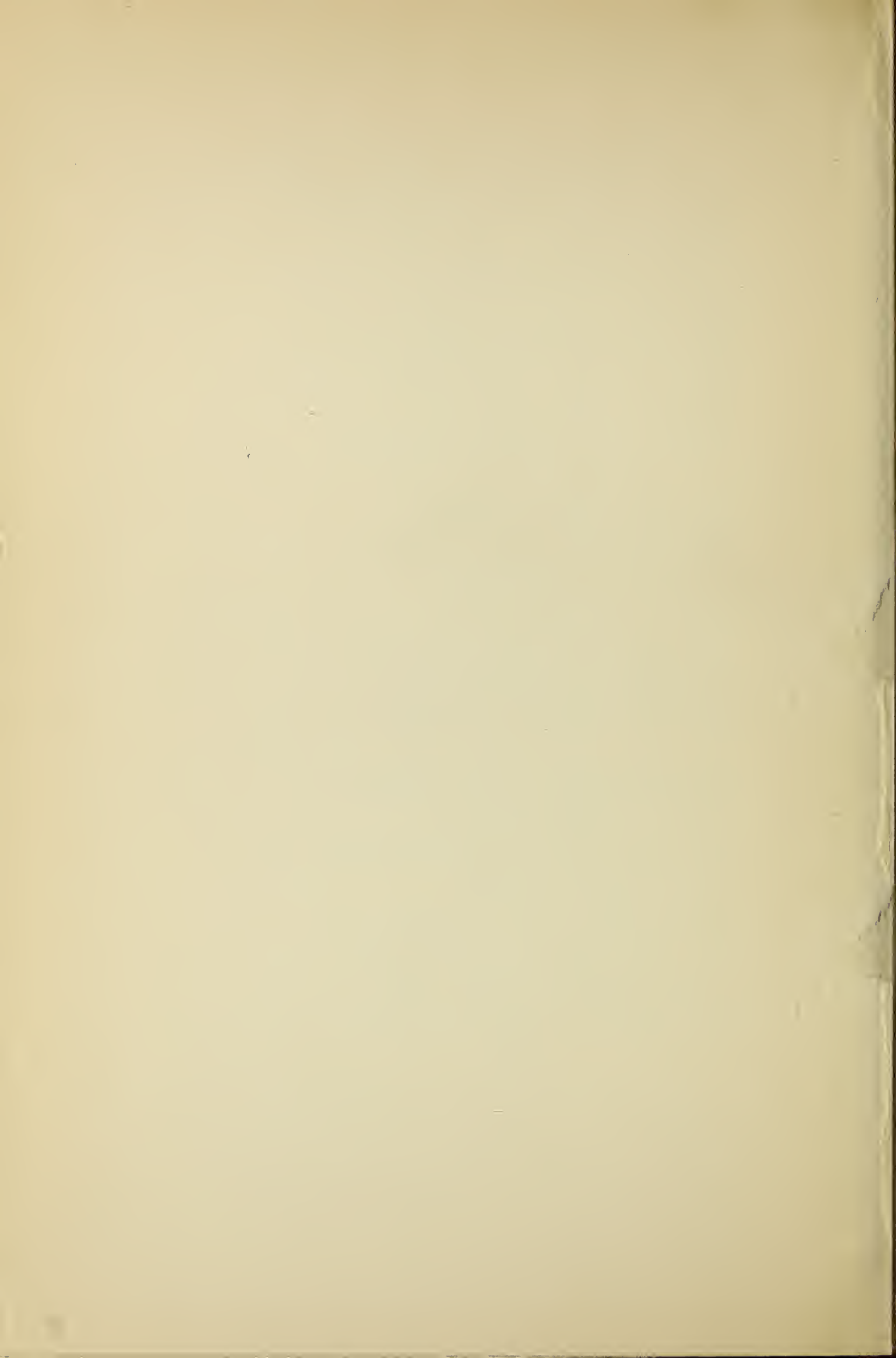
Lo, these Graces, lowering flight,
Come, through Holmes' and Brandises' sight,
That laws fail, and ever must,
If not down to the atom, just
For, one particle awry,
Earth lacks balance in the sky.

TRUST IN GOD—HIS CROWN

Ah, great is Man! His mental powers,
Subtler than scent of rarest flowers,
Pervade the crevices afar
To where the Sun and Moon and Star
Hang icicles on distant eaves.
There, having clomb the roof, he heaves
No sigh but chants; nor is his song
Echoed by upper voids along
Its flight. It circles Heaven, returning
To him with answers to his yearning.

Ah, great is Man, in that he yearns
For beauty, and in it discerns
The gift of love whose donor must
Be worthy of profoundest trust.
It is the only gift that Man
Bestows on God, or ever can.
'Tis small return where boons fill fast
Both mind and every sense's vast;
And yet, 'tis great, for 'tis the crown
God reaches for, all aeons down.

God, being Love, could not have made
Creation marsh for mind, decayed,
To turn to ignis fatuus flare.
Why, mind, when it is hope and prayer,
Is not of matter to decay,—
Save it transmutes itself to clay,
And then its lights from mire to mire
Are faint indeed to Heaven on fire
With planets, all the aeons down
Acclaiming God attains His Crown.



THE SONNET

The sonnet is my contemplation's shrine
Where, on a pilgrimage, my night-cowled hours
Go in devotion, bringing mystic flowers,
Anemones, cast up from slumber's brine.
There miracles occur. These eyes of mine
Recover sight ; and ears, the finer powers
For harmony, while faith, who mounts all towers,
Chants : "Lo ! it is itself, the dark devours,
And not one ray of Love's diurnal shine."

When transport comes, oh, how then I am borne
Through all the Seven Heavens that form the Light
Which dazzles angels' eyes, and from that height,
Behold that God is Love, and hence, 'tis Morn
Forever to Good Will, grace—fledged for flight,
Where Love shall never of one beam be Shorn !

MANHATTA'S LIFE-LONG SPELL

Beloved Manhatta! What a life-long spell
Dost thou cast on the heart and mind and soul!
The Ocean's rattling chain of wind and roll
Reverses, and hurls distance down pell-mell
At longing's touch, if far we hap to dwell.
O for the Sun, morn's trumpet, to extol
Thy glory, in that thou art Freedom's goal
For all the Arts, that nobly would excel!

O my beloved Manhatta! Though I be
The farthest off, who, more than I, heart-close?
Though Morn and Spring, that spread World-wide
their glows,
Splashed down between us, raising darkness' sea
On which I drift, no whirlwind that there blows
Can wreck the dreams that bring me back to thee.

V E N U S

Peace, peace, ye censurers,—ye who declare
Manhatta at the bottom of the surge,
Splashing in mire beyond hope to emerge,
Except ye grasp and lift her by the hair
As God caught up the prophet! Where—oh where!—
Can heart and mind find matter for a dirge
In Venus, luminous with Temple-urge
To Life and Art, to make the World more fair?

See Venus mount, a-flash with all true dreams
Submerged in sleep by God at Nature's start!
Rising, she swells the surge of every Art
Ennobling Man, and inland forms broad streams
Not found on Inspiration's ancient chart,—
O such her glory, he who carps, blasphemes!

DEMOCRACY A FACT

The waters of the World, exalted high,
Dash down through Time, a dazzling cataract,
Whose power is the almightiness of fact,
Which sweeps to wreckage all that would defy.
Oh, how stop human rights, raised to the sky
By justice, where along the starry tract
They draw the strength no force can counteract,
When rushing through ice zones or earth, parched dry!

What Heaven more happy to a mortal's sight
Than, looking down, to know the waterfall,
Which spreads out lakes and rivers, will feed all
The spirit-growths, that give mankind delight,
And therefore leave no deserts to appal,
Nor polar peaks, from which swoop blasts to blight.

THE SENSE OF RIGHT

What is the sense of right, but recollection
In our sub-consciousness; of having seen
The Perfect, though it only could have been
The instant of the Infinite's projection
From power to love, and then by far reflection!
"All was, and is, and will be," clear and clean,
Were in that instant's flash, and hence, I ween,
The soul caught there its passion for perfection.

This strange sub-consciousness coëval with
The flash of power to love throughout all space,
And clarified in vision, then by grace,
Gives testimony true, of which the pith
Is, That the sense of right stands face to face
With love on high, and never will be myth.

NEW INFINITES

That with new light and lens, the scientist
Can magic forth the atom's millionth part,
Excites in me no wonder, for at heart
I feel more small in life's profounder mist;
Still, 'tis great joy to know that I exist,—
That from unconscious nothingness I start,
As from deep slumber, struck by lightning's dart,
With thunder upwarding, the more I list.

Were I the thunder pyramiding all
The planets into one, I still should be
The atom's millionth of humility;
For oh! the power that forms and lets not fall
The welkin's Worlds, gives Man the mind to see
New infinities, in what it fashions small.

ADJUSTING TO THE STARS

O what behold we, glancing at the past!
A desert where protrudes a dome, or bust,
From realms which Time has trodden into dust.
In cameling across the arid vast,
We view mirages, by high clouds recast
From pure, fresh waters of man's prestine trust,
That conscience is God's whisper to adjust
Life to the Stars, if what is wrought should last.

A breeze comes, and we check the camel's pace.
We turn, and lo! our country we behold
Adjusting to the Stars, her effort bold,
To ward forever from the human race,
The comet,—with but horrors to unfold
And, therefore, where Sol rules, should have no place.

THE HUMAN SPIRIT

Beneath me, Nature is a bubbling well
Of dazzling kingdoms. Some are,—oh so bright!—
It is no wonder they draw down my sight!
Ah, no!—no wonder that I feel their spell
And, falling, seek out one in which to dwell!
But, be it Science, Art, or Martial Might,
I find therein small pinion-room for flight,
And thus, soar up the heights from which I fell.

Mine is the joyous flight of Godward soaring.
Borne on the breeze from beauty's sparkling rays,
Which trillion-fold the speed of human gaze,
I poise at consciousness of blessing pouring
And see rainbows,—God's arms out to embrace
My innate longings to hail Him, adoring.

LABOR

Who is the Giant yonder,—that, of height
Above all summits white with Winter's snows
Held back from Earth which thirst for vernal flows,
In all its valleys? Labor, now with sight,—
The consciousness that he is twin with Light,
Which, from Night's waters that engulf and close,
Draws up the World with all its festive glows
In field, and forest flower, and feathered flight.

Labor, age-long in death-stretch on the ground,
Arises, and behold! Such is his size,
He grasps the upper branches of the skies,
And, as he shakes their fruit of truth profound
In showers adown the ages to starved eyes,
He holds the boughs forever from rebound.

A R T

With beauties, blest credentials from the sky,
Art is the Age's one ambassador
Who goes unchallenged, and is more and more
Made welcome. Though he lowers not from on high,
He brings to heart and soul, through ear and eye,
God's concepts and their harmony. Therefore,
Drear is the land indeed which night looms o'er,
And lets not Art, auroralike, draw nigh.

Oh, what are empires but dark whirls of dust!
Above them soars rapt Art, sustaining flight
Through reaching, like the Sun, the source of light,
And drinking, like that orb, eternal trust
In love, Almighty, to direct aright
For triumph of the Good, the True, the Just.

THE TIGER TASTING BLOOM

See Time, the hungry tiger, lift his head!

The crimsoned clots upon his bristled jaw

Are empires that once crushed the World with awe.

There! See his body, head to tail, fresh red,
From countless millions' blood. Unsurfeited,

He scents the future as he licks his claw.

Raising his head, he glares as though he saw
And heard in clouds a God with thunder tread.

What sees he? Human progress that has caught

All lightnings and has fashioned them a Sun,

To ripen Earth.—Lo! deserts have begun

To bud forth; and, the tiger tongued with thought,

Tasting the bloom, subdues blood-thirst anon,—

A miracle, beginning to be wrought!

THE SEA

*(Originally published in The Sea Anthology, compiled by
Alice Hunt Bartlett)*

"The Sea! The Sea!" Ah, glimpsing now the coast,
We catch and swell the fagged-out Greek's glad cry,
Ending ten years of wandering awry;
For we too form a desert-trudging host
Afar off from our Home—the faith we boast.
What desert worse than where Ideals die?
Their mounds, formed of mirages, reach the Sky;
But what of that? Hope flees, assigned that post.

O Whitening Surge, break with World-wakening roar
On human consciousness. Let it resound
Atlanta's utterance of truth profound:
"The continent, the summits on whose shore
"Are profanations, sinks with life, all drowned,
"And memory is sea-moan ever more."

THE PROTEST OF THE BIRDS

O birds, where is our gain to waken man
E'er sunrise and sing him to rest at eve
If, in the hours between, he kill and thief
And to our broods do every harm he can
In nest or perch? How sharply does he scan
The skies for us, as for new Stars! We grieve
And cry to Nature's God: "O how believe
"Thy favors are to shorten our life's span!"

Do take from us our beauty and our songs!
They are sure marks for crouching fowler's aim;
And, as these hide in shooting, so, in shame,
Bid fashion's fair ones hide, if what belongs
To us,—the gift of love,—they flaunt and claim;
Else, turn them birds, to know and feel our wrongs!

WHY THE SOUL ENDURES

Do beauty, music, fragrance interfere
With one another's realm, and one exclude
The others' glory? Why think myriads would,
Were each a wondrous realm distinct and clear
To subtler senses, than to smell, see, hear,
And space were God's eternal boundless good?
Judge not God's love by senses faint and crude
To which few of his countless realms appear.

For each and every realm, the heart is sure
That God evolves in man's immortal soul
A sense receptive. O to hail the whole
Is an eternal rapture, new and newer!
And to attain its myriad senses' goal,
Is why the soul is ever to endure.

NO MYTH

Of truths, there is not one more clear to me
Than that the Orient of God's sunrises
Moves round the World, despite the bold surmises
That only in one region it can be.
It is with us, this Orient; for see!
Wireless and radio are such surprises
That time throws down his reckoning devises,
Astrologizing possibility.

Man, awed, forms myths, as at the dawn of time;
But 'tis no myth that, now his mental powers
Reach nebulae and shake that mist to showers
Of planets—truths unthinkably sublime,
Till seen ablaze about this World of ours,—
Foreshadowing God to every age and clime!

THE TWO REALITIES

(Previously published in *Poetry of To-Day*, London, Eng.)

Is it illusion, all that we behold,
Or think, or feel? Or, is our longing's creed
Fruit groves or deserts, mocking human need
By apples, cored with ashes? Oh! how cold
Our blood runs, when by mystics we are told
The one, and, in the books of savants, read
The other,—that the Sun and Stars all lead
Humanity adown to murk and mould!

As smoke, breeze-blown, mounts flut'ring, wing'd with
flame,
Our souls glow rapt, by intuition blown,
And rise to two realities, our own,
And God's; His, love, eternally the same,
With beauty trumping joy to truth, His throne;
Ours, mind on beauty's trail with justice' claim.

FROM AESCHYLUS TO DANTE

From Aeschylus to Dante let us soar.

The flight is myriad miles, but in an hour

We will be far from where we saw Fate glower
At human spirit, and saw bards adore,
With gifts, the monster, as he scowled the more.

Aye, saw bold Aeschylus exhaust his power

In glorifying what must needs devour,
Or mock with misery, those who implore.

Now, speed to Dante. 'Tis a dizzying flight.

Hark! Hear his proclamation to the soul,

That Love, who fashioned all, maintains control!

That Fate is grim illusion, crazing sight,—

That the inevitable, to extol,
Is readjustment of disjointed Right.

THE CONQUEROR OF FATE

How like a diamond, with glories new
At every glance, Columbia glads our gaze!
Aye, for what forms its iridescent blaze
Is Human Spirit, restless to be true
To Man's divinest longings. Every hue
Is Freedom's flash of Morn, that melts the haze
Left midway in the sky by Time's dark days,
When clouds were such, the Sun's ghost chilled Earth's
view.

A diamond? Ah, yea! but one so great
A magnet, it draws all stars up the skies.
No diamond but of that imagined size
Could hold the glories that will scintillate
For Ages, from the Human Spirit's rise
In every realm, the Conqueror of Fate!

SAXON AND CELT

Saxon and Celt! Though bottomless and black
Long seemed the gulf to you at either brink,
The springs, deep down in earth, gush flood, and
sink

Forever what was Horror's bivouac.

The streams are freshets that will not flow back.

They are so pure that Stars, which used to shrink,
Passing the gulf, swoop down to lave, nay drink,—
For there no more Life's springs ooze bitter brack.

Ah, were all Sundered peoples thus to let

The primal springs of Nature flood their past,—

Upon whose brink Hope long has stood aghast!—

Their heart-forgiveness and sincere regret

Were Progress' hands to catch and then hold fast
The Star-chain, lowered to lift the World from fret.

MAHATMA GANDHI

Mahatma Gandhi, thou art India's soul,
Below horizon, yet out-climbing night
And coruscating clouds, height over height,
To Glory's zenith. Now the tides that roll
With India's hopes on icebergs to the Pole
Turn, for thy rays have Truth's whole cosmic might
Implied in every being's natal right
To Freedom from all alien control.

America, with vision welkin-wide,
And faith in righteous cause, her heart pulsation,
Views gladly thy dark clouds' transfiguration
And, under them, the turning of the tide
Re-landing India's hopes, where, at Creation,
God made them native and there to abide.

LIBERTY TO LIBERIA

(In the African Republic, founded by liberated slaves with the aid of the U. S. A., human enslavement is sanctioned by the law.)

Liberia! Why pierce my heart and brain?

O has the white man's blood,—a splashing sea
Across four years, to set black people free
Forever from thrall's whip and galling chain,—
Been valor of no value? What! in vain,
Your restoration to humanity
And to your home, where hope henceforth should be
A sun without eclipse, and morn remain?

Liberia! Yon add to Afric's dark.

Your fires for me gleam not, but form dense
smoke,—
Nay, they are stakes, whose fumes from flesh so
choke,
I flee in horror. If I stop to hark,
I hear close after me, Thrall with his yoke,
And, worse than lion's roar, the blood-hounds' bark.

A FOURTH OF JULY REVERIE

Reflection, peering from a lofty cape,
Views Time's broad sea, to be entranced for aye;
For, bursting from the phosphorus-shining spray,
Looms Freedom, which assumes the Titan shape
And, when close-chased by Doom, makes rapt escape
Into our Country's soul, to lead the way
For human hopes, undreamed before our day;
And, so sublime, Reflection can but gape.

From shining seas, by gold and silver shoaled,
How vaults the Titan of our inmost feeling!
It scales the Heavens and, every whither—wheeling,
Gathers the Stars, not that it may withhold
Their boons from Man, but, by God's grace, spread
light,
Millenniuming every human right.

NATHAN STRAUS

O look at life!—and what do we behold?

Many with brows as wet as dawn with dew

And hearts fermenting to a bitter brew.

Look! Day and night through they keep shifting gold
From mines to depths from man, more dark and cold.

Oh, Slaves for selves, they tire not, and but few

Straighten soul-size, for just their backs we view!—

But not with such be Nathan Straus enrolled.

Gaze, thou whole World! Such his soul-size, the Sun

Hails him true Brother! And how else, for they

Rejoice, alike, to make the Earth the way

Direct to God, by gladdening every one,

Though leaving not a bud, nor babe, the prey

Of cold, or darkness, or a good not done.

ALFRED W. MCCANN

O what can mean the music's sudden hush?
The epoch halts. What seems its onward tread
Is Grief's heart-beats about its leader, dead.
O human Nature, not for him thy blush
As for the ilk who snap at conscience "tush"
And tain't health's springs for Lucre, for he lead
The epoch by the light, that duty shed
On where Life's nurture-sparkling waters gush.

Oh, truly, his was like old Ajax' shout!—
It smote the hostiles singly, or combined,
Hilled-high, or hid. Out-subtling sublest mind
In Greed's employ, he turned World-thought about
To health's pure springs from traitors to their kind,
Who gloat ghoul-like, in welcome of a drought.

RE-INSPIRATION

A tragedy acts Man from age to age,
By spectres of his dead ambitions haunted
He is not vanquished, tho' he oft is daunted
By disillusion; for these mob the stage;
And, with fanatical and anarch rage,
Tatter to shreds the banners they have flaunted,
Then hurl him to his spectres, to be taunted
For futile wars they had been lured to wage.

The craze that War brings Peace, like every creed
In violence of Love's eternal law,
Makes Earth a carcass, whither carrions caw.
Man stifles; but, ere long, his lungs of need
Catch Spring's wing'd breeze, in flight from Winter's
thaw,
And this vims him to follow Summer's lead.

T O L E R A N C E

Anchor in harbor; but oh! even in sleep,
 Dream not, clear mind, the harbor is the sea!
Nor moor so fast that, should ebb-tide leave thee
In mire and muck, thou canst not reach the Deep
Out in eternal, broadening, onward sweep
 Of beauty to the truth,—which needs must be
 God's shadow, love in all immensity,
From Spirit's zenith unto matters neap!

All creeds are inlets of the truth's blue brine.
 For shelter from great storms, 'tis well to cast
 Thy anchor sure, if only then thou hast
The vision to behold St. Elmo's shine
 Of God's mysterious love on every mast,
Moored in pure heart, as well as that on thine.

TIME

Ephemeral of vision, can thine eye
 Enclose the lightning, which encircles space
 Without surcease, and every circuit's trace,
A firmament of broadening splendor? Why
Dost thou, then, creature of the nether sky,
 Stride over Earth at Lucifer's proud pace,
 When no whole truth, thou findest, but sheds grace,
And is a glory of the Will on high?

Oh, time of insect sight, how be cajoled
 To vie with Lucifer in God-defiance,
 When there is not a marvel of thy science
But is the lightning's trace, willed to unfold,
 To draw up souls to absolute reliance,
That Life, the lightning, is in love-God's hold.

SUN-ECLIPSING SWORD

O Lord of Life and Light, was it in vain
That down thou camest as the Prince of Peace?
Lo! Thy almightiness is on its knees
In supplication! For can it profane
Thy glory, which is love without a stain?
What! Raise the sun-eclipsing sword, to please
Thy heart, which yearns to light the World and ease
The people of all hate, all dread, all pain?

O Lord of Life and Light, how long, how long
Is hate's earth-chasming, sun-eclipsing sword
To slay thy prophets! Oh! how long, good Lord,
Are they whom from Thy temple thou didst thong
To mock blest visions of Earth's peace restored
By Thy descent of love, to right all wrong?

THE FINER FEELINGS

What are the finer feelings of mankind
But forces in reserve, lest fiends subvert
Inspiring truth, to do the ages hurt?—
Oh, angels, only less than those assigned
To hold the worlds from cataclysmal grind,—
They ward the truth on Earth—the Heaven's outskirt
Where Satan's legions crouch, and are alert
To fresh assault on God, through human mind!

When Love on high pronounced "Creation, good",
He had all potencies in vivid view;
Hence, saw the Finer Feelings, legion true,
Led on by Faith and Hope, and, grace-imbued,
Confront and foil the fiends who, routed, rue
The battle with high Heaven, on Earth renewed.

ART DEVOTION

Whom God has joined, no power can ever sunder,
And hence, the Spirit, wedded unto Art,
Cannot be faithless, nor be wrenched apart.
His love for beauty is no moments wonder,
But life-long ecstasy. O how they blunder
Who judge him by the town clock, or the chart,
Or think him fool when he declines to start
Down shafts to mines and share worm-life thereunder!

Let rash negation flout its brief grim hour;
It dies of its own cold,—the affirmation
Of boundless love; for, what else is Creation?
Repeated in sunrise and every flower,
Enrapt the artist's soul to divination,
And neither fiend nor fate can overpower.

WHY DWINDLE,
HUMAN SPIRIT?

Why dwindle, Human Spirit, till a dew,
Such as falls from a bud and leaves no trace,
Is ample to reflect thy form and face?
Oh, wherefore dwarf thy being thus, to view
A moment's leer, when, for thy image true,
Eternity holds up star-polished space?
Naught less could mirror thee,—Oh, large as Grace
That brought thee forth and now shapes thee anew!

Oh soar thou, Human Spirit, and no more
Dwarf thou thy angel form, to see thy smirk
Mirrored like fays in bubbles. Clouds that lurk
May round thee densely mass; still, through them soar,
For the Almighty's is unfinished work
Till space reflects the flight He winged thee for.

THE BIRDS AT SEA

What! Think the final is the dark, grown rock,
Whereon for aeons Nature has been pounding
Her prow to fragments, And the spheres abounding
Are flotsam?—builded to survive all shock,
In carrying Faith and Hope, how round her flock
Celestial birds, to guide her speed from grounding!
O what to reason could be more astounding
Than Nature's wreck, Omnipotence to mock!

Beauty and Music are these birds, alighting
On Nature's mast. They drop not dead astern,
But, rising, fly ahead in rapt return
To native shores, beyond the outlook's sighting;
And, following their course, is to discern
The huge dark, shattered by Love's fiat, smiting.

THE WORLD'S WORST LOSS

Rate not the World's worst loss by towns burnt black
And by all fields unsown for harvest grain,
But rather by the youth that have been slain.
Rent fields and ruins all along War's track,
Time will transform anew; but, O alack!
What of the countless youth with heart and brain
Afire with genius for the whole World's gain
In arts of Peace! Oh, could we them bring back!

Ah, yea, beneath our own Joyce Kilmer's "Tree"
Rest, all ye countless youth, whose genius, born
For World-wide inspiration, has been shorn
By human Nature's hideous enemy!
And, O Humanity, go there to mourn
The greatest loss that e'er to Man could be!

DEAR HUMAN NATURE

Dear Human Nature, how glad-souled and young
You look this morning! One would not surmise
That grief had ever drained your laughing eyes;
Nor that the joy, now from your golden tongue
In rare crescendo flight, the Stars among,
Had been repressed for ages by your sighs,
From heart-breaks, that your Sons broke all home
ties,
And maimed your arms that round them loving clung.

They scattered and, as distance grew dense haze,
Then rarely caught a glimpse of one another,
Except as monstrous shadow; but, dear Mother,
Your prayer is answered, for drawn near to gaze
Into each other's heart, their cry of "Brother!"
Is caught up by the Stars and sung, God's Praise!

THE WORLD ON FIRE

Diverging from its orbit, high and round
The Maker's will, the World is set ablaze.
No frictionlike descent from wisdom's ways!
And, though 'tis down a bottomless profound,
Its rearing, roaring flames seem glories crowned!
Oh, 'tis the mock creation evils raise
In Thy defiance, Lord! And we would craze
But that to Earth's descent Thy love sets bound.

We know, good Lord, the World's wide conflagration
Is not from sparks of Thy most righteous ire,
But due to friction in descent most dire
Adown the chasm of Evil's mock creation,
Where war for wealth and wealth for power con-
spire
And leave but ashes for commemoration.

THE SPHERES

Look! Life's ideals are the hailing spheres
Tobogganing through space! How fast they fly
From age to age, with this, their joyful cry,
"O Heart and Mind, leap on, from doubts and fears,
"For 'tis eternal goodly Love who steers."
There is no chasm but His omniscient eye
And steady hand can vault to banks on high,
Like Venus' leap to dawn mid planet-cheers.

From age to age, how is it, Heart and Mind,
Ye pay the greeting Stars such little heed!
Leap on! Leap on! And join them in their speed
Of light and beauty. Oh, why stay behind,
Trembling with doubt,—as if aught could mislead
The Steerer, Love, in carrying mankind!

NO UNEMPLOYED

Nature is motion in the molecule
As well as mass. There is no jot inert;
So, motion must promote or, else, invert
With power terrific.—This man learns at school
But disregards when greed makes him a fool
To think he has resources more expert
Than Nature's law. O God, what human hurt
Through Man's discarding of the Golden Rule!

O Fool, think not the locked-out unemployed.
They never were more active, for they now
Are thinkers; and, if mutinous, they vow
Unholily!—what wonder? Wouldst not thou,
Midst Nature's plenty, and beholding how
'Tis hoarded and oft wantonly destroyed?

O T H O U A T L A N T I C

O thou Atlantic, how but like to thee
Is Heaven's full chorus that drowns out all night
Awhirl with discords? How else see aright
Thy glory trouging clouds ere they can be
Shuts-outs from Heaven? Oh, ours, what ecstasy,
That thou dost stop grim Past's insidious flight
To harpy hearts and minds, in crass despite
That theirs is freedom by divine decree.

Oh, yea, Atlantic, thou art Nature's Soul
In ecstasy of freedom from the past
Of heart and spirit wreckage, dire and vast!
The glaze on Future's every peak and knoll
Is gathered Stars, eternally to last
And brighten Earth with joy, from pole to pole.

FAITH CONSUMMATES
LOVE'S CORONATION

Oh, how like phalanxes presenting arms
For the inspection of their chief, who passes
Between their lines of burnished bright cuirasses,
The planets stand, unspecked by earthward harms!
O Human Nature, why thy vague alarms
On sighting Star formations through thy glasses
And analyzing glories into gases
For ultimate explosion, then dead calms.

If planets be in phalanxlike formation,
It is that, through their lines earth-born Belief
May meet, half-way, Eternal Love, Life's Chief,—
Nay, not half-way! For O, throughout Creation,
Love moves toward finite mind, because, in brief,
'Tis Faith that consummates Love's Coronation.

THE STOWE AND
LINCOLN PENS

O Afric Brothers, sunk at birth so deep
That Freedom's dawn, despite her Mother-urge,
Quailed often and was trembling on the verge
Of ceasing search for joy, down in night's neap
And from exhaustion falling there asleep!

The Sun rejoices to see her emerge,
With your deliverance, up through red surge
From hearts, now Arlington's in Glory's keep.

Oh, at your feasts, fail not in asking Grace
To let your countless generations know
That Dawn might still be wandering to and fro
But for the Stowe and Lincoln pens, whose trace
She followed straight to God, 'till she, aglow,
Raised the Soul-oneness of the Human Race.

MENTAL GLIMPSE

Viewing Eternity as space with bound
Neither before nor after, how the mind
Has glimpse of beings, far more great in kind
Than we are to the ants that swarm the ground.
They bring to sight Love's spheres. How they astound,
Striking with dazzling flash the vision blind,
Which would pursue their ceaseless search to find
All the potential orbs in Love profound.

Oh, with such mental glimpse, how not surmise
They bring to sight, Love's planets, to impress
All conscious life with hope of happiness;
That they come from Omnipotence, all-wise,
And therefore that they are, as we confess,
The paraclete, preparing Paradise.

LIBERTY AND RELIGION

Above the World of Man to beast debasing,
Twin Spirits weep. The tears that stream their
cheeks

Are sorrows, and so choke that neither speaks;
And each would fall but for the other's bracing.
Ah, why thus grieve the Angels, ever facing
The throne of Love, and only on stainless peaks
Alighting? Why, because of wastes and shrieks
Of beasts therein, each other hotly chasing?

Both shudder at foul deeds done in their name;
For O, ascribe to them no thought malign;
It were their death.—Lo! they no more repine!
The arrows of Omnipotence's aim
To shatter every darkness into shine,
They follow, rousing Time to wild acclaim.

RELIGION

It is a duplex mountain, whose white zone,
Piercing the clouds, becomes on high the base
Of Glory's boundless realms. With mind I trace
The lowest ledges only of the known;
Still, they are many and of varying zone,
Assorting into tribes the Human race
According to the use each makes of Grace
To mount with Spring from Winter drear and prone.

Alas! that, on large ledges, zeal should shock
The glorified in boundless realms on high
And cause a lasting shudder in the sky
By loosing fragments huge of worldly rock,
Oblivious that thereunder Christ draws nigh
On shepherd-search for laggards of His flock.

A V A L E D I C T O R Y

O Thought, bear thou me up, and on and on,
To watch all clouds fall into sparkling snow,
As Life's First Cause fell into stars aglow,—
Though then, not like the clouds, forever gone.
O bear me up to see that snow anon
Turn sap for roots, that all be bloom below,
And Peace may float upon the fragrance' flow.
And chant, like lark and not the dying swan.

Bear thou me up to watch my Country taking
From Eden's whilom Guard the flaming sword,
And magiced by the Prince of Peace, Life's Lord,
Transforming it a fountain for the slaking
Of heart-and-spirit thirst for truth,—Life toward
No mere mirage, but warbled morning breaking.

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE

Hearing your voice—O how dear!—I awoke
As from the slumber of un-numbered years!

O how familiar to my inner ears,
Though from no heart's recess could I evoke
The echo of a word you ever spoke

Within my hearing! I then searched book-tiers,
Where I found Plato, clearest of the seers,
And soon on me his light of insight broke.

Love is the mutual recognition, Dear,
Of twin-born souls who, parted aeons long,
Have been sustained the while with yearnings strong,
And, having searched blue space's every sphere
And scanned each face of beauty's trillion throng,
Are thrilled up into Heaven, re-meeting here.

AMERICA'S "WILL AND CAN"

From where the Atlantic, like a tiger tamed,
Laps with a gentle tongue the hand of Man,
To where the Sun brings God, Earth's gain, I scan
With joyful eyes, and heart and soul, inflamed;
For 'tis in summits,—by the Stars acclaimed
Truly a portion of their caravan,—
I see our young Republic's "Will and Can"
In glory's speed, for which they have been famed.

America's Will and Can split clouds asunder.
They sight the caravan of soaring spheres,
And, catching up, they draw with love the years,
Thrilling the hosts in Heaven; for lo! from under,
Mounts Day, long-dawned by visions of the Seers,—
God's will made manifest for human wonder!

PLYMOUTH ROCK

O Sun and Stars, bear ye Earth's thanks to God;
For O what waters, slaking every thirst
Of heart, mind, spirit in long cascades, burst
From Plymouth Rock, when struck by Freedom's rod!
No Wanderer in the burning sand, unshod,
Plods man with lolling tongue, dog-like, as erst;
For lo! this fountain, deepening from the first,
Floods Earth's old wells and greens Life's Sand to
sod.

O more those waters than the Font of Youth,
For which, through field and swamp, the Spaniard
ran!
For they are clear with God's eternal truth
Of Fatherhood, hence Brotherhood of Man,
And are no dream. They quench all human drouth
And cleanse man's desert-dust of sect and clan.

LINCOLN'S LIGHTNING IN WILSON'S HANDS

Who is to rise and hurl God's flame world-wide,
As Lincoln hurled it, setting free a race
From Sphinx-shaped wrong—a beast with human
face?

That, shattered, how our land rose glorified
And, from the stars' last laggard, soared, their guide!
O who can take Promethian Lincoln's place,
To bring light wheresoever he can trace
A Human with his rights to soul denied?

He must be one, not only to illume
All ages, and not leave one region dim,
But, at no height, allow his senses swim,
Nor let mirages lure him with false bloom.
Lo! Wilson comes with all the virtues prim
To hurl God's fire and end all human gloom.

THE STARS

God loves the stars; else why star-shape the dew
For the unbreathing, shy, heart-hiding rose?
And when earth darkens, and the north wind blows,
Why into stars, flake every cloud's black brew?
What fitter forms for longings, high and true,
Man's hopes, ideals, than bright orbs like those
Ashine from Nature's dawn to Nature's close,
In clusters, prisms every dazzling hue?

Nor is the Sun, with harvests, in its heat,
And that, sky-hidden, makes the moon at night,
An earth-ward cascade for its leaps of light,
More real, or a world-force more complete,
Than Faith and Hope, that break through clouds
with sight
Of evil's foil and ultimate defeat.

VAULT GODWARD, POET!

Soar thou aloft, though thou ascend alone,
O Human Spirit! Thou canst not be lost.
What though yon stars, the azure's nightly frost
Melt dark, or mount round thee an arctic zone!
Thou hast sun-warmth and star-source of thine own.
If thou mount not, how bitter is the cost!
What anguish, when whirled down, or tempest-
tossed,
To know how high toward God thou mightest have
flown!

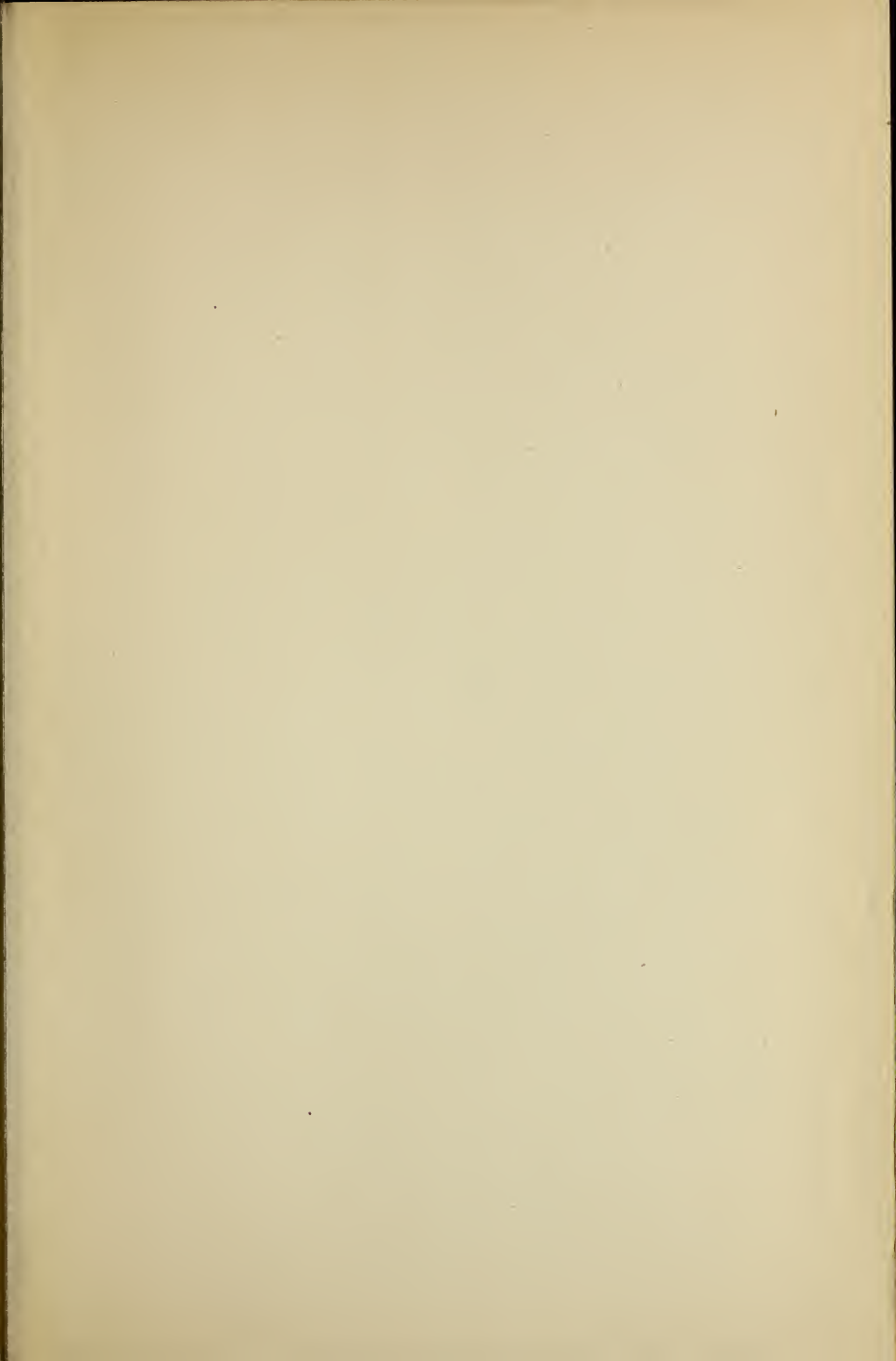
Vault Godward, Poet. What though few may climb
The mountain and the star on trail of thee?
Thy wing-flash beams toward man, and, if it be
True inspiration—whether thought sublime,
Or fervor for the Truth, or Liberty—
Thy light will reach the earth in goodly time.

NATURE AT LOVE'S THRONE

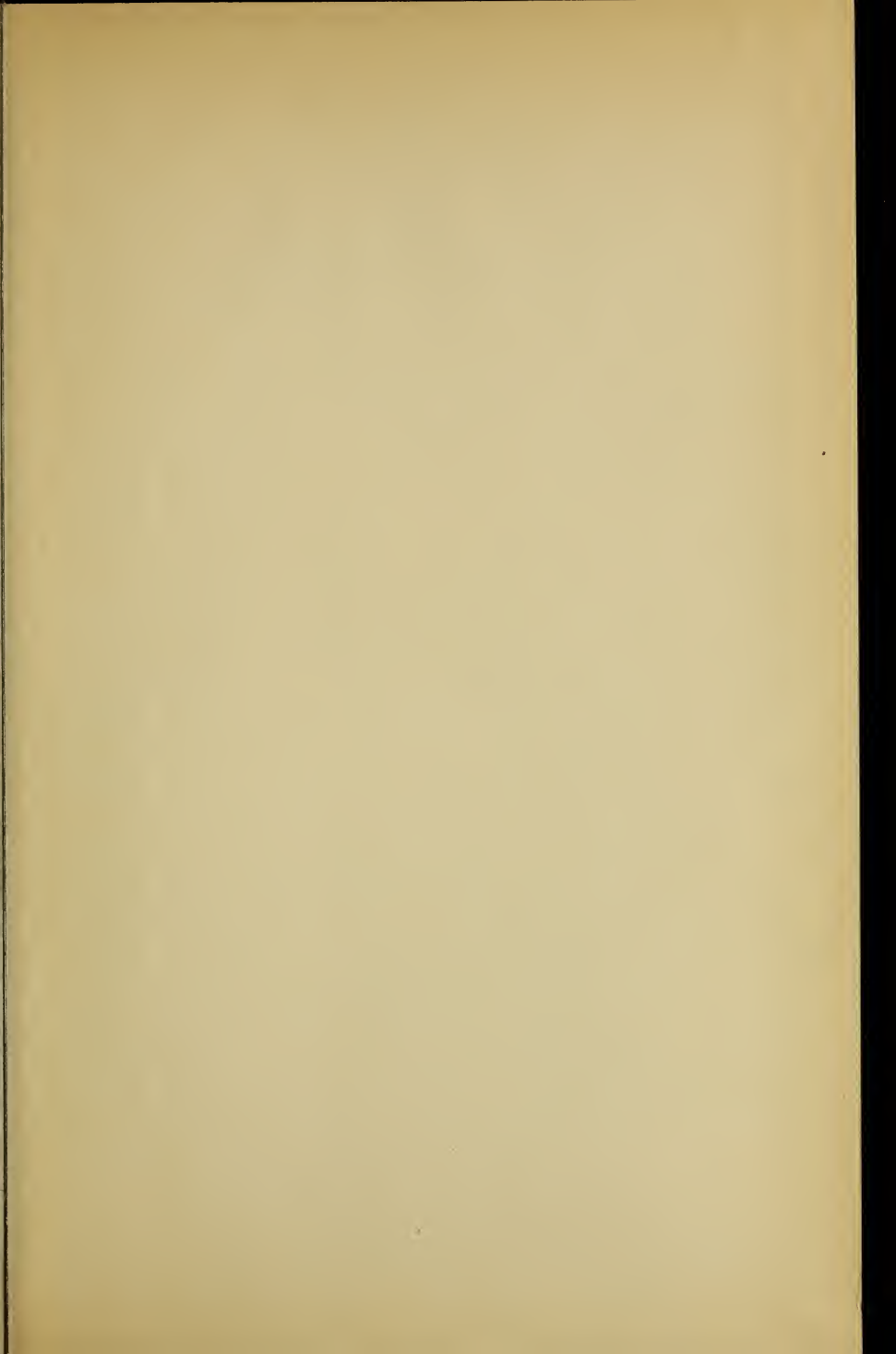
When contemplating nature, we descry
In the phenomena, which come and go,
Her features and full figure all aglow
With ecstasy, at sight of love on high.
Ah! thus shines Nature's unto Judgment's eye.
The clouds, miraging her obliquely, so
That she appears a burrower below,
With eyes cast down,—soon pass off from the sky.

Hark! serving at Love's throne, her hands she lays
On human mind, attuned to gratitude,—
A harp that has a cord for every good
In gleamless, still solution, or ablaze
In firmament, all vernal fields, all-hued,—
And Heaven's whole host intones the hymn she plays.











EDWARD, DOYLE

Gleams Lyrics and Sonnets

[illegible]

